

Recipe for Murder

by Thatoneloserkid

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Summary: Clarke is the head forensic scientist for the NYPD and Lexa is the new transfer. CSI/uber nerd!Clarke. Detective!Lexa

1. Chapter 1

Ok, I know I have so many open fics but I honestly couldn't get this idea out of my head after watching the Flash. There isn't any superhero elements here but I just really had to write this. Anyway, let me know what you guys think and if I should continue :)

When Clarke had graduated from university (top of her class she might add) she thought she would have gone straight into a job where her colleagues respected her.

God was she wrong.

_ "Hey, Griffin, where are the lab results for the Fisher case?" _

_ "Lab rat, I need these tests done pronto." _

_ "Those bloods should have been done yesterday, blondie!" _

And it was only ten on Monday morning.

Clarke huffed as she fell down onto her desk chair, shaking her mouse to wake up her pc monitor, groaning when it said there was another two hours remaining for the blood analysis she was doing. Kane would be back any within the hour for the results.

She huffed again, falling back against the back of the chair, tapping her nails against the desktop, her eyes wandering to the window between her small lab and the main floor of the precinct.

Detectives. Criminals. Civilians. The one person who always seems to make this shitty work better.

Detective Woods. A new transfer for somewhere down south, she had arrived a little under a month ago.

Clarke had never spoken to her, she never really had any reason too and she wasn't about to go up to the scary, pretty, new detective but getting to look at a pretty face made her day better.

"Griffin," Clarke startled, whirling around in her chair to see a smirking Octavia peeking around the door.

"O, I've told you to stop that."

"I know but it's funny." She said with a little laugh, sliding into the lab, clicking the door shut behind her. Octavia dropped her hat onto the table before sliding up onto the surface.

Clarke rolled her eyes, "What can I help you with, Officer Blake?"

"I need your expertise,"

"Of course you do," Clarke hummed, probing her feet up on her desk, groaning dramatically. "It's like you only come and visit me when you need my help."

"We spent the weekend together," Octavia frowned. "You spooned me."

"Small detail," Clarke waved her hand dismissively. "This time I will help but next time there will be a fee. A fee of coffee."

"Deal," Octavia agreed, handing Clarke the file she had in her hand. "This is the Caldwell case. Everyone is adamant that it's the gardener who done it but I don't think it was."

Clarke flicked the file open, rolling her eyes when she saw Cage had signed off on the forensics. The guy was useless, the only reason he was still was still employed was because his father was a powerful man.

"I don't trust anything Cage signs off on," Clarke murmured, flicking through the file, a little frown appearing on her face when she reached the blood splatter analysis. "How tall is the gardener?"

"Uh, six one, maybe taller. Why?"

"No, that's not right." Clarke sat the file down, pointing at the photo of the blood splatter. "The guy was bludgeoned, right? This swing back pattern indicates someone much shorter than six feet, maybe around five four. And the impact zone, not to be sexist here, but a grown man would make a much larger dent."

"So it was a woman who done it?" Octavia reasoned, a little grin appearing on her lips. "Maybe a scorned soon-to-be ex wife?"

Clarke nodded, motioning toward Octavia with the file, allowing the officer to take it from her. "Sure, I guess." She agreed, sitting back in her seat again, opening her top drawer and taking out one of the suckers she had stashed there.

"He was divorcing his wife, she wouldn't have gotten shit from him in the divorce but if he was dead—"

"How very clichÃ©," Clarke hummed, popping the sucker into her mother. "Go get'em, Officer."

"You'll have my back if I need you?" Octavia asked as she stood up.

"Always," Clarke flashed Octavia a toothy grin around the stick.

"Thanks, Clarke."

"Remember the coffee next time," Clarke called as the door clicked closed. "She's not bringing me coffee." She huffed to herself, rolling her eyes when she heard the door open again. "O, I said—" she stopped when she turned to see Kane standing there. "Sargent Kane,"

"The results?"

"They should be ready in a couple of hours."

"Just hurry up, Griffin, I have a criminal to catch."

"Yes, sir."

"Clarke," Jasper grinning happily, peeking around Kane, glancing up at the man briefly. "Sargent Kane,"

"Come to me as soon as the results are ready," Kane instructed, giving Jasper a little nod before leaving.

"God, that guy is an asshole sometimes." Clarke grumbled, pulling up the report she had to do for Kane to start on the parts she could do without the results. "What's up, Jasper?"

"Are you coming tonight?"

"I honestly don't think I have time." Clarke sighed, her fingers sliding into her hair as she read over the file.

"But it is the new superman movie," Jasper groaned.

"Yes, the midnight showing of the new superman movie. I have to be at work at nine tomorrow and I have three reports to write up and I have to prepare for court on Wednesday." Clarke clenched and unclenched her fingers in frustration. "There literally isn't enough hours in the day, I don't think I have the time to go see this movie."

"But it's tradition, we've been to see all the new superhero movies together. You, me, Monty, Raven, Bellamy and Octavia, the nerd squad."

"Do not call us that,"

"It was Bellamy who came up with it." Jasper shrugged, "Come on Clarke!"

"Fine, ok, I'll be there. But if I get fired its on you."

"No problem, you can crash on my couch." Jasper grinned, bouncing out of the lab into his own lab.

Clarke finished the report, typing in and interpreting the results just in time for Kane to come barging in demanding the report, only to leave without so much as a thank you.

She managed to finish one more report before she finished for the day, meaning she felt a little less guilty when she sat down in between Raven and Jasper, sporting her superman t-shirt, with a large popcorn trapped between her knees and a large Sprite in her hand.

Clarke glanced to her left, a little grin on her lips when she spotted Octavia's hand resting on Raven's leg, just above her brace. Raven caught her eyes, giving her a warning glare when she wiggled her eyebrows.

"So," Clarke started, grinning around her straw as she waited outside the bathrooms with Raven. "Officer Blake, huh?"

"What can I say," Raven shrugged, tilting her head to the side and winking at Clarke. "I love me a woman in uniform."

"Is that why you've never wanted to get with me, because us lab techs don't have a uniform?" Clarke gasped in mock hurt.

"Oh, no, I can assure you that that lab coat looks very pleasant to tear open." Raven grinned sleepily. "I just don't think you could handle me, Lab-dork."

"Oh, please. Everyone knows you're a bottom, grease monkey." Clarke scoffed, bumping her cup against Raven's as she pushed herself off the wall. "I would've blown your goddamn mind."

Clarke regretted giving into Jasper as soon as her alarm went off at six am the following morning, after a measly two hours sleep. She figured if she went into work without showering she could get an extra hours sleep.

So, she ended up in work dressed in her usual slacks and shirt, her hair pulled up in a messy bun and her face completely void of make up. She looked like shit, she knew that, she just couldn't bring herself to care since she would be spending most of her day in her lab.

Or at least so she thought.

Of course the day she looked like garbage would be the day she first meets Lexa Woods.

"Griffin, how nice of you to show up." Calvin snipped, jabbing his

thumb over his shoulder toward the crime scene.

"Sorry, slept in." Clarke rushed, glancing at Lexa who was standing beside Calvin, one eyebrow arched as she eyed Clarke. Clarke gave Lexa a little smile and nod before rushing to the crime scene.

"Wow, you look like shit." Jasper laughed, peering at Clarke over the dead body.

"And whose fault is that?" Clarke huffed, crouching down beside the body, opening up her kit. "What do we have?"

"I don't know, I got here not long before you."

Clarke nodded, pulling on a pair of gloves as she surveyed the body.

It was virtually untouched and, for a six five, burly man, that was a little strange. He would have fought for his life but there wasn't an indication that he had.

"A single laceration to the carotid artery," Clarke commented, standing up straight and motioning toward the pool of blood and the streaks of blood that had squirted out. "He bled out." Clarke frowned. "This is a six foot five man with the body of a body builder, he would have fought back."

"Maybe someone snuck up on him," a voice suggested, startling Clarke out of the little daze she would go into while assessing a crime scene. Clarke whirled around to see Lexa standing behind her. Of course it was Lexa, everyone else knew better than to disturb her when she was working.

"Yeah, but the cut, it's clean." Clarke turned to look back at the body. "Whoever did this, they are a trained killer."

"Maybe they just got lucky," Lexa contradicted and, as much as the people here didn't respect her they knew she knew what she was talking about, they never questioned her so having someone question her threw her a little. "I mean, slice that side of the neck and it's highly likely you will nick the artery."

"I don't think so. Would you risk not killing a goliath like that? He is at least six five, built like a truck, you don't kill him first his going to pulling your kidneys out through your nostrils."

"Psychopaths do silly things."

"If anything he would be a sociopath," Clarke corrected, a feeling of agitation creeping up her spine. "And if it was a sociopath out to kill he would have been frenzied, this would've been much messier." Clarke shook her head, motioning over the body. "No, this is meticulous. Sure, he could be a psychopath, but he is a well trained one."

"So, what do you suggest we look for?"

"I'm not the one who makes theories, that's your job, I just tell you

the facts." Clarke clipped back. "And the facts are this killing was clean, he knew what he was doing. He had probably done it before and will without a doubt do it again. Better get to work, Detective Woods."

A smirk etched it's was onto Lexa's lips (which, holy hot damn), probably because she had managed to get under Clarke's skin. "I will have a look into ex militants, special forces, butchers." Lexa's eyebrow twitched with the last suggestion and, God, Clarke wanted a smack that beautiful smirk off of her attractive face. "Thank you, doctor Griffin."

Clarke watched Lexa head back over to Calvin, a frustrated little huff leaving her lips as she turned back to the body. "We need to get this body out of the sun, the medical examiner won't be happy if it is left any longer."

"No one can agitate Clarke Griffin like a pretty girl in a suit." Jasper grinned, throwing his arm around Clarke's shoulder as he shouldered his kit bag. "There are track marks over here."

"Motorbike," Clarke said as they walked over to it, crouching down to get a closer look, ignoring Lexa's curious looks. "TKC seventy to be more precise, hand made in Germany. Made for dirt bikes."

"And let me guess, they are mass distributed?" Lexa asked.

"Yeah, but mostly to bikes and auto shops in German. So look up German made bikes, you might get lucky."

"I thought coming up with theories was my job?"

"Figured I'd help you guys get the job done." Clarke said with a sarcastic smile.

"Drop the attitude, Lab rat." Calvin snapped but Lexa held her hand up.

"Easy, Calvin,"

That had Clarke frowning. She knew Lexa was new but she had transferred from another precinct, they would have had lab techs there, she much know how detective treat lab techs.

"Well, doctor Griffin, is there anything else you can tell us?"

"Um," Clarke's head whipped around to look at the tracks as Jasper snapped a few photos. "Nope, that's pretty much it."

"Great." Calvin said shortly, spinning around and stalking off to his car.

Lexa gave Clarke and Jasper a short nod before following her partner.

"Did she just stick up for us?"

"I think- kind of?" Clarke shrugged. "She'll learn."

"I think she likes you," Jasper teased, looking down at the little screen on his camera.

"I think you need to shut up,"

Jasper laughed, pushing on his knees to stand up straight. "Let's head back to the station, you have a day out tomorrow to prepare for."

It was a week later and Clarke was busy centrifuging samples when Lexa came to talk to her in her lab.

Firstly, she knocked, which was strange, no one ever knocked.

"Come in," Clarke glanced over the shoulder, giving Lexa a reserved little smile. "Detective Woods, to what do I owe the pleasure?"

"You were right," Lexa said, strolling a little further into Clarke's small lab as she looked around.

"That happens often, you are going to need to narrow down the instance you are talking about." Clarke drawled, lifting the little tube up to eye level and gently swirling it.

"We found the murderer." Lexa started, eyeing the sample in Clarke's hand. "Ex special forces, diagnosed psychopath, drove a German made motorcycle."

"Ok. Well, it's kind of my job to be right about those things." Clarke said, setting the sample in the machine and hit start.

"Regardless, I wanted to thank you for your help."

Clarke frowned, turning to look at Lexa. "You wanted to _thank me_?"

"Yeah?" Lexa said carefully. "Why? Shouldn't I?"

"Well, none of the other detectives ever do."

"Yeah, I'm realising things are different here." Lexa commented. "Which sucks, lab rat would have been a cute pet name if these people didn't use it as a derogatory term."

"What, you didn't have any lab rats back where you came from?"

"We did, we just treated them with respect. Here it's like everyone is your enemy here, everyone is trying to fuck everyone over."

"Yeah, it's a pig eat pig world here," Clarke muttered, grinning cutely at Lexa. "No offence."

"Oh, I'm sure you mean a lot of offence." Lexa smirked, leaning back against Clarke's desk.

"To them," Clarke nodded her head in the direction on her little window. "Definitely."

"Aren't some of them your friends?"

"Octavia, yeah. But she's a pig for a whole different reason."

Lexa didn't laugh at Clarke's joke but she did grin, pushing herself off of Clarke's desk. "Anyway, I only stopped by to thank you, you made my life a hell of a lot easier."

"Well, you are very welcome, detective."

Lexa gave Clarke a curt little nod before leaving the lab only for Jasper to rush in two seconds later. "Did you guys make out?"

"Oh, fuck off, Jordan."

"But you want too," he sung, dropping something on Clarke's desk. "Those The Flash comics I was telling you about. Read these and then we can watch the show."

"God, you are turning me into an uber nerd."

"You're welcome,"

"Clarke,"

"What is this, grand central station?" Clarke huffed, turning to look at the new body in her lab. "Raven, what have you done this time?"

"Excuse you," Raven scoffed, holding up the Taco Bell back she was holding. "I brought you lunch."

Clarke narrowed her eyes skeptically, accepting the bag from Raven. "Thank you,"

"Welcome," Raven nodded, averting her eyes to the window.

Clarke understood then, she wasn't here to bring Clarke lunch, that was just an excuse, she was here to see Octavia. Clarke grinned at Jasper, rattling her knuckles on the window. "Clarke, what are you doing?"

"Getting you what you came here for," she smiled when Octavia looked at her, motioning for the young officer to come in.

"You're an asshole," Raven snapped.

"Not as much of an asshole as you, pretending to bring your best friend lunch." Clarke hissed back, smiling at Octavia when she opened the door.

"Griffin," Octavia peeked inside, a large smile spreading across her lips when she spotted Raven. "Hey, Raven."

"I wanted to ask how the case was going, the one you consulted me on last week?"

"Um, yeah. They're looking into the wife now, which is good." Octavia explained, sliding into the room and closing the door.

Clarke now realised her mistake, now she was probably stuck with Raven and Octavia for a while and she knew Jasper would hover.

"I'm going to go get a coffee," Clarke said but no one seemed to be listening to her, giving her the opportunity to slip away.

"Hey, Griffin, it's weird seeing you out of your lab." Cage commented, grinning from behind his mug.

"Maybe if you spent a little more time in yours you would get accurate results." Clarke clapped back, grinning sarcastically at the man.

"Just because you came out top of your class doesn't mean you're better than I am,"

"I think that's exactly what it means," Clarke grinned, pouring a sachet of sugar in her coffee. "Not to mention the fact that people have been coming to me for a second opinion on your work," Clarke mixed her coffee before turning to look at him. "It's a good job daddy is one of the top donators or you'd be out on your ass."

"Where do you get off—" Cage advanced on Clarke but stopped when a hand clasped onto his shoulder.

"Is there a problem here—" Lexa starting, "Cage, is it?"

"No. No problem here, Woods." Cage grumbled, shrugging her hand off his shoulder and walking off.

"Do you get off on pissing people off?" Lexa asked, brushing past Clarke to get to the coffee machine. "I asked Calvin on the ride home last week why he was so short with you, apparently you seem to get on people's nerves."

"No, the fact that I correct people gets on people's nerves, it's not my fault they are always wrong." Clarke shrugged, resting the base of her back against the counter.

"Fair enough," Lexa hummed, leaning against the counter across from Clarke. "I didn't think you came out of your lab unless it was to go home."

"Yeah, my lab if kind of overrun with a lab rat, pig and grease monkey right now." Clarke shrugged, taking a sip of her coffee. "I needed to get out."

"Are you working tomorrow?" Lexa asked.

"Everyday but Sunday's," Clarke nodded. "Why?"

"Just so I know if there's a homicide tomorrow I can request you over Cage, guy gives me the creeps." Lexa said, pushing away from the counter. "I'll see you around, doctor Griffin."

"Yeah, sure." Clarke flashed Lexa a little smile and headed back to her lab.

"Do you have a crush on Detective Woods?" Octavia asked and Clarke's eyes snapped to a sheepish looking Jasper.

"I like to share things, it makes me feel involved."

"How could you have a crush on her? She's so- uptight."

"Ok, one; I don't have a crush on her, she called me out on my work and I got frustrated. And two; she isn't that uptight."

"No, she is."

"She isn't with Clarke, though." Jasper commented with a little grin.
"She likes Clarke."

"Oh, grow up." Clarke huffed, punching Jasper's thigh. "And get off my desk."

Jasper slid off the surface, making a move toward the door. "I've got work to do, anyway. Let me know when you've finished those comics."

"No problem." Clarke hummed, looking at her two best friends as Jasper left. "Don't you both have work to do."

"I'm actually on my lunch break," Raven shrugged.

"Octavia is too," Clarke said with faux happiness. "Why don't you take her for lunch?"

"I- sure," Raven nodded, looking over at Octavia. "If you're up for that?"

"Yeah, I have an hour."

"Great," Clarke slung her arms around Octavia and Raven's shoulders, leading them toward the door. "You kids have fun now."

Clarke huffed out a breath when she finally closed the door behind Raven and Octavia, letting her forehead rest against the cool glass for a few seconds, preparing herself to begin the backlog of work she had waiting for her.

She turned to look at her desk when she was finished, deciding to start with the DNA analysis she had to do.

2. Chapter 2

Clarke glanced around the crime scene, taking in the blood splatter, the position of the bodies, trajectory of the bullets.

Everyone stood on the sidelines, like they always would when Clarke was in her 'psychic zone' (Jasper's words not hers. He liked to call it her 'superpower', the ability to envision the recreation of the crime in her mind). Even Lexa had learnt not to interrupt her when she had this look on her face.

"Murder suicide," Clarke murmured, catching the detectives attention. Lexa readied her pen over her paper, waiting to jot down whatever

Clarke said. "He—" Clarke pointed to the man on the ground, standing over him to position herself in the position he would've been in when committing the murders. She lifted her hand, her fingers in shape of a gun, pointing at the victims on the sofa in front of her. "One," Clarke lowered her thumb and jerked her hand up, signifying a gunshot, "two," she moved her fingers to the second victim before turning her finger-gun on herself, positioning the tips on her fingers against her lips. "Three."

Clarke turned and pointed down at the man bellow her, missing the back of his head.

"But why would someone kill his wife and sister?" Lexa frowned, tapping the tip of her pen against the note pad.

"What is his medical history?" Clarke asked as she pulled her gloves off with a loud slap.

"Doctors think he was suffered from early onset Alzheimer's." Lexa explained and that had Clarke frowning, this guy couldn't have been much older than twenty five.

"What does he do?" Clarke asked curiously. "What was his job?"

"He—" Lexa hummed, flicking through her notes to get to the part she was looking for. "Boxer."

Clarke hummed and nodded, turning to Jasper. "Have the ME check his brain for CTE."

"CTE?" Lexa frowned after Jasper had nodded.

"Chronic traumatic encephalopathy," Clarke offered, waving her hand against the left side of her head. "It's a disease that people get in professions such as American football and boxing- professions where concussions are common. It's a degenerative brain disease, a lot like Alzheimer's, if this guy had this disease then he isn't entirely to blame for what he did."

"Concussions are to blame for this?" Lexa waved her hand toward the scene on the sofa.

"The concussions cause lacerations on the brain, can even result in loss of tissue, it can completely alter a persons personality. Can transform the nicest person in the world to," Clarke motioned to the scene like Lexa had. "To this."

"That is—" Lexa frowned, trying to take in everything Clarke had just told her. "Really sad if it's true."

Clarke hummed in agreement, "The worst thing is that they know something is wrong, they know they aren't right, they aren't themselves, but the only way of diagnosing this condition of slicing into a persons brain."

"So they have to die?"

"Unless you are in the habit of slicing into live brains," Clarke quipped, dipping down to pick up her forensics bag and slinging it over her shoulder. "See you back at the precinct."

* * *

><p>"How do you do it?" Lexa asked, barging into Clarke's lab.<p>

"I see knocking was a one time thing," Clarke jibbed, closing the comic book she was currently reading, spinning in her chair to look at Lexa.

"I thought we were passed that," Lexa shrugged, moving to lean against Clarke's desk. "How do you do what you did today? What you do at every crime scene? I mean I've watched you for over two and a half months and I still can't figure it out."

"It's my job."

"It's also Jasper's job but he doesn't do what you do, it's like you can just close your eyes and picture what happened."

"Maybe it's my superpower." Clarke quipped, lifting the comic in her hand before throwing it onto her desk. "It's simple, really. I just look over the crime scene, compile all the fact then create a mental image of what had happened."

"Simple as that, eh?" Lexa smirked, picking up the comic on Clarke's desk. "The Flash," she hummed. "I didn't think you were a comic book fan."

"Those at Jasper's, we are going to watch the to series soon, I'm almost finished with those."

"So, what? It's a man who can run super fast?"

"He is the fastest man alive." Clarke explained, "he can run up to a mile under the speed of light."

"Not over?"

"Course not," Clarke sounded outraged at the suggestion. "Nothing is allowed to go faster than the speed of light, it's a rule in physics, Albert Einstein came up with it."

"You said nothing is allowed, does that mean he can? And who's going to stop him?"

"He can, seven times the speed of light actually, but the living tribunal, that's an entity who maintains order in the universe, warned him never to do it again." Clarke pipetted a small amount of the buffer into the final test tube before turning to look at Lexa. "In the real world, theoretically, if you can go faster then the speed of light , everything slows down."

"What do you mean?" Lexa asked, folding her arms as she leant back against Clarke's desk.

"Well, let's say you have a train going the speed of light, to the people on the train an hour might pass but to the people off the train a week could have passed."

"So, you go faster than the speed of light you travel forward in

time?" Lexa reasoned.

"Theoretically. We could also use black holes to travel forward in time. Time slows around a black hole so if we can get close enough to feel its effects but keep far enough away that we don't get sucked in we should be able to travel forward in time."

"What about going back in time?" Lexa asked, picking up another one of the flash comics and reading over the cover. "Is that possible?"

"They have suggested using wormholes to travel back in time but that's much more complicated."

"How so?" Lexa arched her eyebrow inquisitively, looking at Clarke over the top of the comic.

"Well, say I invent a time machine, I travel back in time and kill my grandfather. That means I would never have been born, therefore couldn't have created the machine, which means I couldn't have traveled back in time to kill my grandfather. But that also means that, with my grandfather alive I would have been born and created the time machine to go back and kill him." Clarke explained. "You see the problem?"

"A paradox."

"The grandfather paradox," Clarke nodded, "And you have the butterfly effect and the bootstrap paradox. Not to mention you could only go as far back as the time the wormhole was created which, boring."

"You are a forensic scientist, how do you know so much about quantum mechanics?"

"It's a hobby,"

"Quantum mechanics is a hobby?" Lexa snorted, flicked the comic book in her hand opened. "Okay."

Clarke watched Lexa as she read over the first couple of pages, her eyes watching how Lexa gnawed on her bottom lip as she concentrated. It wasn't until she noticed the lips moving that she realised Lexa was looking at her.

"Hm?" Clarke questioned, averting her eyes from Lexa to the test tubes.

"He's a forensic scientist."

"Oh, yeah. Jasper said it makes him relatable. Which would also make Dexter Morgan relatable."

"Who?"

"You've never seen Dexter?" Clarke frowned, looking offended at the notion Lexa had never seen the show. "What have you been doing with your life?"

"Catching murderers." And, fair point, catching murderers would take up a lot of a person time.

"You should watch it, if you have time."

"I'll have a look," Lexa agreed, throwing the book back onto her desk. "Anyway, I have to get back to work."

"No problem, detective." Clarke gave Lexa a two finger salute, causing the detective to grin at the ridiculousness of it. Clarke wanted to punch herself.

"You're a bit of a dork, aren't you?"

"You say that like it's a bad thing," Clarke grinned cheekily at Lexa.

"Definitely not," Lexa shook her head. "I can't remember the last time I heard someone talk so- fervidly about something before, it was nice."

"How can you not be excited about it, you know?"

"Maybe I just don't understand it well enough." Lexa shrugged, pulling the door to Clarke's lab open. "Maybe you can explain it to me sometime? Show me a few documentaries, even."

"Oh, uh- yeah. Yeah, sure, whenever you want."

"Okay, I've got a bad guys to catch, but I will talk to you later."

Clarke nodded, waiting for the door to close behind Lexa before walking over to sit at her desk.

"I just saw Lexa leave," Jasper announced, quickly sliding into her lab. "Did you guys make out?"

"No, Jasper."

"Shame," the boy huffed, sounding genuinely disappointed as he left the lab.

* * *

><p>Clarke tilted her head curiously as she stared at board in front of her, her lips wrapped around the straw of her slushie and her legs swinging. This guy, the Manhattan Maniac as the force had so fondly taken to calling him (and they have a cheek to call her a dork, with their love of giving serial killers names), had evaded capture for well over two years now.</p>

It wasn't Clarke's case, it was Cage's (unfortunately) but Clarke was curious. There was always something about serial killers, psychopaths, and sociopaths that peeked her attention. God knows what that says about her.

"Well, don't you look jovial." A voice commented, startling Clarke out of her little daze. Clarke's head snapped to the door, a little smile appearing around her straw. "You are out of your lab."

"What- I..." Clarke gasped in mock shock, glancing around the room.

"You're right, this isn't my lab."

Lexa grinned at Clarke's joke, moving to lean against the table Clarke was sitting on, folding her arms across her chest.

"What're you doing, doctor Griffin?" Lexa asked, her eyes traveling to the board.

"I've finished all my work, figured I'd come in here and update myself on this case."

"This isn't your case,"

"True, but I'm curious." Clarke shrugged. "This guy- I don't know- they call him a maniac but he's not." Clarke squinted at the board with one eye and rubbed her ear. "Like, yeah, he's crazy but he's not a maniac. He is meticulous, clean. He drains his victims of their blood by slicing the artery in the neck, like they do with cattle, then he cuts their body parts into equal portions. Usually, I could get a read on him but there is nothing. He doesn't distinguish between men and women, there's not specific age, race. He just kills, and I don't know about you, but that scares me more than someone who has a specific profile."

"You just hate the fact this is the first person you can figure out."

"Yeah, that's part of it. But this guy is dangerous, he has already wracked up ten bodies over the past two years. We need him off the streets but it's like he is always one step ahead of us."

"When was the last time you slept?" Lexa asked with a little laugh, lifting her wrist, causing the black Apple Watch she was sporting to brighten. "It's almost midnight, you definitely shouldn't be drinking one of those this late."

"That's the good thing about being an adult," Clarke shook the drink she had almost finished, licking her lips with her blue stained tongue. "You get to drink ice cold cups of sugar at an hour of the day."

"Then you are clearly adulting very well," Lexa grinned playfully, averting her eyes back to the board. "You're right about this guy though, there's something about him, about this case, that we are missing. And whatever it is is fundamental to solving this case."

"Mm, I agree." Clarke hummed, glancing over at Lexa. "Why are you still here?"

"Same reason you are," Lexa shrugged. "I was looking over the evidence for this case."

"Are you planning on staying much longer?"

"Why? Am I cutting into your quiet time?"

"No, I was actually going to suggest I go get us some food and we can try and figure this out?"

"Don't you have someone to go home too?"

"Officer Blake," Clarke shrugged, shaking her head when Lexa's eyebrows raised questioningly. "No, it's not like that. She's my best friend. Beside it's my day off tomorrow so I can sleep in."

"Ok, you're on."

Clarke nodded, sliding off the table and dropping her cup into the trash can. "I will head out to get food, you can get all the evidence ready. Want anything in particular?"

"How about pizza? I've been here over three months and I've yet to see any proof that the pizza in New York is the best."

"There is a great place on west one-forty-fifth." Clarke patted her jacket to ensure she had her keys and phone. "Traffic shouldn't be too bad at this time, I'll be back in a half hour."

Clarke headed to Kings Pizza, ordering a large pepperoni pizza, stuffed crust of course, then headed to the local 7/11.

Lexa was sitting at the table Clarke had previously been sitting on, two boxes of what Clarke assumed was evidence sitting on the surface. Lexa looked up as she entered, eyeing the two large slushies, bag of candy and pizza box in Clarke's hands.

"How have your teeth not rotted to nothing?" Lexa laughed quietly, holding out a fist full of money.

Clarke waved her off, sitting down beside Lexa. "Ok, is this all the evidence we have?"

"Pretty much," Lexa hummed.

Clarke opened one of the boxes and peered inside. "There has been ten victims, how is this all you guys have?"

"It's all that we have found, this guy is ridiculously clean." Lexa frowned, watching Clarke as she opened the pizza box and tore off the lid, setting it in front of Lexa before motioning toward the pizza.

"People always leave a trail, there's no way he couldn't have left any kind of evidence."

"I know, but Cage hasn't found anything."

Clarke scoffed. "Let's be real, Cage couldn't find his own hand in front of his face. Let me reread his reports."

Lexa handed Clarke the files, extremely thin files Clarke noted, and Clarke opened one, absentmindedly chewing on the tip of a slice of pizza.

"I've been over everything multiple times and there is nothing here. He's like a ghost,"

"No one is a ghost, detective, not in this day and age. There's a way of finding this guy." Clarke huffed and Lexa watched as she took a

drink of her new slushie, red this time. "Have you cross referenced the names? See if they have anything in common?"

"Nothing, hell, one of them had just moved from Canada two weeks prior. The only thing they have in common was that they worked in laboratories. Not in the same lab, or even the same field, just labs."

"Well, that has to be something."

"Nothing has come to fruition,"

"He has been killing at a steady rate, ten in twenty two months, one ever two months." Clarke said, lifting her eyes to look at Lexa. "He's due."

"Is that why you were in here? You knew there would be another killing soon."

"I suppose," Clarke shrugged, pointing down at the files on the victims. "These people, they don't have anyone in the city. Their relations are either dead, estranged or half way across the world. This guy knows no one will be looking for them."

"Then why not do what every other serial killer does and go after street walker or the homeless."

Clarke shoulders lifted in a shrugged, a sheepish little grimace appearing in her face when she dropped a small amount tomato sauce onto the page. "Sorry,"

Lexa smiled fondly, rolling her eyes. "It's fine,"

They stayed at the precinct, going over everything they had until Clarke was rubbing her eyes, aching from the extensive length of time she had been wearing her contacts, and she noticed lightening of the sky outside.

"We should probably head home," Clarke said, her voice gruffly and sleepy.

Lexa blinked, glancing down at her watch. "No point, my shift starts in three hours." She yawned, stretching her arms over her head.

"Are you kidding? You didn't say you were working today."

"Yeah," Lexa rubbed her eyes with her fists. "I think I'm just going to crash on the sofa in the break room."

"You're crazy, how the hell are you going to make it through the day?" Clarke frowned as she stood up, putting all of their trash into a bag.

"Coffee," Lexa said with a sad chuckle. "A lot of coffee."

"Well, good luck with that." Clarke laughed, gently patting Lexa's shoulder as she walked passed. "See you tomorrow, probably."

"Thanks for this,"

"No problem."

Clarke dropped the trash in the bin as she left, being met by a worried looking Octavia as she entered the house. "There you are!"

"Yeah, I stayed a little later at work." Clarke explained with a yawn. "And now I'm going to sleep all day."

"Next time call, or at least leave your damn phone on." Octavia called after her as Clarke slumped into her room, falling face first onto her bed.

3. Chapter 3

"I think I'm close to getting my shield," Octavia commented as she and Clarke stood in line at the local coffee shop. "You really helped me out, thank you."

"Any time, O." Clarke assured. "And it's good that you're close to getting your badge, you deserve it. Detective Blake," Clarke hummed with a little grin. "That almost makes me want to sleep with you."

"We both know you only have eyes for one detective." Octavia shot back with a smirk.

"Oh, bite me."

"Look me in the eyes and tell me you wouldn't sleep with Lexa." Octavia challenged and Clarke shrugged.

"I can't but, to be fair, there isn't a lot of people I wouldn't sleep with." Clarke reasoned. "Hell, I would even hate fuck Murphy."

Octavia laughed at that, "I mean, true, but you spent all night with her the other night."

"Going over a case. I like Lexa, she's nice, and I almost definitely wouldn't say no if she wanted to sleep with me, but that's all there is to it."

"For now,"

"Maybe," Clarke shrugged, "but right now it's entirely professional, with a hint of I wouldn't say no if she asked."

Clarke stepped forward to order their drinks, gaining a raised eyebrow from Octavia when she ordered three drinks.

"Taking your girlfriend a coffee at work, huh?"

"You're not?" Clarke arched her eyebrow challengingly at Octavia, daring her to argue that she and Raven weren't dating.

"About that," Octavia laughed, somewhat nervously. "So, Raven and I -"

"I know you loser." Clarke laughed, gently shoving Octavia. "It's been a long time coming."

"Yeah. Yeah, it has."

Lexa was at her desk when Clarke got to the precinct, her head in her hand, her fingers wrapped around her hair.

She pulled her eyes away from the papers she was looking at when Clarke sat the take away coffee cup down on the desk, her eyes lingering on the cup before she looked up at Clarke.

"Is that for me?"

"No, I just put it on your desk for Kane to pick up later." Clarke teased, her lips pulling up into a grin when Lexa rolled her eyes. "'Course it's for you."

"Thank you,"

Clarke shrugged. "I know you're working hard on the Maniac case, I wish I could help but I'm a little backed up."

"No, it's not your case. Don't worry about it."

"Good luck, okay?" Clarke flashed Lexa a little smile before heading off toward her lab.

There was a brutal murder the following weekend. Not a manic case but Lexa was put on it.

The lady was beaten to death, her face unrecognisable and her dental records useless so they had to use her fingerprint to identify her. And of course the only witness was a petrified five year old.

Clarke was midway through going over crime scene photos from a different crime when her door opened and slammed closed.

She frowned, turning to see who it was only to see the little girl, Ellie Lexa had told her, with her back against her door and her knees pulled tightly against her chest.

Clarke placed her photos back on her desk and slowly walked over to the young girl.

She sat down beside her, wrapping her arms around her knees and resting her chin on her arm, exactly like the little girl was.

"My name's Clarke." Clarke offered, side eyeing the girl. "You are Ellie, right?"

The little girl nodded but didn't look at Clarke. Clarke knew Lexa and the little girl's mother were probably watching through the window.

"I know you are afraid, I would be too. What you saw, it was horrible, what happened to that lady was horrible, and I know we shouldn't be asking this of you, but we really need your help."

"My help?" The girl frowned.

"Yeah, you could put a very bad man in jail."

"Like superheroes do?"

"Exactly like superheroes do. But you would be better than that. You don't have superpowers but you would be facing something you are afraid of, being brave in order to protect other people." Clarke smiled, giving the young girl's arm a little tap with her elbow. "Now, I don't know about you, kiddo, but to me that is the definition of a hero."

"But what if he hurts me, too?" The girl asked unsurely, twisting the bottom of her shirt around her fingers.

"I won't let that happen," Clarke swore. "And I know Detective Woods won't either. If I tell you something do you promise not to tell anyone?" Ellie nodded slowly, waiting for Clarke to continue.
"Detective Woods is kind of a superhero."

Ellie's eyes sprung open in surprise as her head whipped around to the door. "No,"

"Yeah, like batman. She doesn't have a superpower but she will do everything she can to protect people." Clarke explained to the stunned young girl. "And she is really nice, would you mind coming to talk to her?"

"Will you stay with me?"

"Of course," Clarke smiled, standing up and holding her hand out to the five year old who gingerly took it.

Clarke ushered the young girl back over to Lexa's deck, crouching down beside the girl's chair as she climbed up beside her mom.

'Thank you' Lexa mouthed to her.

Clarke shook her head, giving Ellie a little smile when she looked down at her.

Now, Clarke wasn't squeamish, she worked with blood, guts and brains for a living, but listening to the young kid describe a crime so horrific that it would easily traumatise any adult human made her feel physically sick.

But she did well, giving Lexa everything she needed to build a good case and described the man well enough for Clarke to compile a pretty decent drawing of him.

"Look, kiddo," Clarke started, crouching down beside the young girl as they waiting to the elevator. "That man is a very bad man, and it's understandable to be afraid that everyone may be like that but I can promise you that for every bad man or woman like that there are ten good men and women like Detective Woods and your mommy who will protect you."

"Will you catch him?"

"Oh, no doubt." Clarke assured. "Remember I told you that secret about detective Woods? She is also the best detective on the whole entire planet."

Ellie nodded, reaching up to take her mom's hand when the doors to the elevator opened.

"Thank you so much for that," Lexa sighed when the doors closed behind the girl and her mother, her shoulders sagging out of sheer exhaustion.

"Sure, no problem, I'm really good with kids." Clarke shrugged, leading Lexa back into the main section of the precinct. "My mom says it's 'cause I still act like a kid myself."

"And what was the secret you told her about me?"

"If I told you I'd have to kill you," Clarke turned to look at Lexa as she back-pedalled toward her lab, a tired little smile on her lips. "Now, I need to go take a break because that emotionally drained me."

"Yeah," Lexa sighed, falling into her chair, picking up the drawing Clarke had done. "I didn't know you could draw."

"It was a hobby in high school."

"It's really good, it will really help."

Clarke smiled at the compliment, "Glad I could help,"

It was two days later that the Maniac struck again and Clarke had only just heard about it when Lexa came barging into her lab.

"Can I talk to you?" Lexa asked as she rushed into Clarke's lab, pulling the blinds shut, effectively closing them off to the rest of the floor.

"Hello to you too, detective." Clarke grumbled, looking over the ballistics photos of a local shooting

"You are the only person I feel like I can talk to about this." Lexa explained. "I can trust you, right?"

Clarke's usual playful demeanour dropped into a look of concern. "What's going on? Are you okay?" She asked, setting the photos down on her desk.

"Evidence went missing. The recent Maniac killing, I was at the crime scene and I saw the evidence with my own eyes but it never made it to lock up."

A look of realisation crossed Clarke's face as she slowly stood. "Of course, they work in law enforcement."

"I was kind of hoping you would tell me I was being ridiculous." Lexa huffed, digging her hand into her hair. "Who the fuck am I supposed to go to with this?"

"No one, not yet." Clarke stressed, giving Lexa's bicep a little

squeeze. "We'll figure it out, get a solid answer before we talk to anyone."

"I have to tell someone. Kane."

"And what if it's him? Even if it isn't that's a good way to get yourself isolated and potentially hurt." Clarke said. "We will figure out who it is, how couldn't we? We have the combined brain power of a literal genius and the best detective in New York."

A little smile pulled its way onto Lexa's lips at that and Clarke sighed, really taking the woman in for the first time.

"When was the last time you got more than a few hours sleep?" Clarke frowned. "Have you even been home in the past week?"

"Of course I have, I've changed, haven't I?"

"Lexa, go home. You're going to make yourself sick."

"Do you honestly think I'm going to be able to sleep now, after this?" Lexa huffed, running her hand through her hair.

"I'll help you out but you need to look after yourself." Clarke had a concerned tone to her voice as she took a step closer to Lexa. "Those people out there don't like me, if they find out I'm looking into them for this it's just more water under the bridge. But they could make your life really difficult, so I will do some research and get back to you if and when I find something."

"I can't let you bare the brunt of this,"

"You won't. I'm clever enough not to get caught." Clarke assured with a little smile. "Go work on something else and I will figure this out."

"What if it's someone we are close too, someone we thought was our friend."

"I mean, that happens. The Flash was betrayed by his mentor who also turned out to be his mortal enemy from hundreds of years in the future." It was supposed to be reassuring, it kind of was to Clarke, and judging from the soft smile on Lexa's face it was somewhat comforting to her, too. "But that's just a TV show."

"I'm glad I came to you with this," Lexa confessed. "You have this way of making me feel better."

"You can trust me with anything, Lexa."

"Yeah, I'm starting to realise that." Clarke's lips pulled into an almost shy smile at Lexa's words, nodding when Lexa gave her arm a little. "Let me know, yeah?"

"As soon as I find anything."

Lexa left after that, sitting down at her desk but it was obvious to anyone that she wasn't really doing any work. Clarke went to work straight away on finding out whatever she could on the Manic.

End
file.